



THE ROAD TO SOMEWHERE WORTH WHILE

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)

The other day, driving past "the little red school house" which saw my first struggles with the alphabet, sixty-five or more years ago, I was moved to make a comparison of the school district at present, with my memory of what it was then.

To begin with, it isn't "the little red schoolhouse" any longer. The woman trustee, several years ago, had it turned "other-end-to and painted white, so that the green shutters and the still greener trimmings for flowers (which haven't yet climbed over them to any great extent) might have a sharper color contrast. I'm frank to say that the little structure looks better, externally, for the change. Internally, the old sloping desks built out from the walls, slat-framed, with rails between in front of them to serve as seats for the wall-facing youngsters, have been discarded for separate small desks and chairs, set in rows across the floor. These, also, certainly look better.

A small flag-staff has been set up at one end and each Arbor day a new tree from the near-by woods is transplanted to the growing row along the front.

All of which gives the place a somewhat improved and improved aspect from the outside.

Also, that's where the betterments end. The improvements, which were undoubtedly undertaken with a purpose to make this particular country school more attractive, ended here and useless. The new desks are unoccupied, the trim little chairs unfilled, the green shutters never opened. For several years the attendance has been so small as to make its maintenance extravagantly costly.

One year this little district, solely inhabited by small farmers with small incomes, paid over \$200 for the teaching their A B C's to each of the children resident within its limits. This is as much as some of us had, per annum, to make our way through college, fifty years ago.

Last fall, when there were found to be only two children of school age living in the district, and the trustee was confronted with state regulations compelling him to pay between \$200 and \$500 to a teacher besides more than \$100 for a chemical closet, and nobody knows how much more for fuel and various other items, he very sensibly decided to have no school, but to hire the two kids carried back and forth to another school, three miles away. Although he had to pay \$2 a day for this transportation and to pay their tuition at the other school, he reduced the rate of taxation in the district from sixteen mills to ten mills by his action. And the two youngsters had a great deal better schooling, with larger facilities, more wholesome surroundings, and vastly wider opportunities.

Meanwhile, however, the repaired and tidied-up and really quite attractive little schoolhouse stood vacant. I couldn't help but feel, as I drove past it, the other day, that its dark interior must be full of saddened memories of the little old days, when as many as fifty tow-headed little things packed in to capacity and the teacher had to let the latest take nurse in her chair one after another while she walked around, peering over our backs to see whether we were "following copy" or drawing "fearful caricatures" of her maidenly charms.

I suppose the same thing is true in scores and hundreds of other rural school districts. It is, really, the most disappointing, not to say sinister change which has occurred in our country. Nor is it all a matter of the last few years. It has been going on for decades. There is nothing new about it. It has now almost reached its limit. For, when there are no more young people left in the country towns, there will be no more to desert them. "You can't spell a bad way." Once the jobs are done, life done and can't be made any worse.

What's the cause and reason? The answer is as clear and distinct as if it were carved in thunder-toned from an archangelic trumpet.

It is just that men and women and boys and girls want to escape hard work and think they can do so by flocking to the cities, or want more excitement and think they can find it in those cities. Both are somewhat mistaken ideas, as any city resident knows. There is and always must be much work done in cities which is harder and unhealthier and more truly lonesome than any which the country sets before its dwellers. But it isn't this sort which the young immigrants think of.

They see the summer guests whooping in by luxurious limousines, and note the flocking to tennis-courts and golf links and summer cottages to "kill time." They seem to live without work and get up to 20 to bed when they please. That's the sort of life which the country boys and girls, tiring their backs on the old farms with their sun-up risings and their all-day drudgery expect to have for their daily portions.

Their ambition is for lives of little work of easy work, and, incidentally, to have no school, but to hire the two kids carried back and forth to another school, three miles away.

And it's just that very ambition, so utterly unworthy of true men and women, that ambition and its wide-spread acceptance, which is the most sinister fact to be reckoned with in any forecasting of the country's future. It isn't so much the school-houses which need tidying up and modernizing; it isn't so much the farms which need more modern management; it isn't so much the roads which need macadamizing; it isn't so much anything material or physical which needs improving—though all these things count in some fractional degree. The real trouble is in the men and women, the boys and girls, themselves. It is a spiritual and mental disease, not a physical one, which is sapling the country's strength and poisoning its circulation.

It is the wide-spread and constantly widening desire to shirk the hard things of life: the ambition to live in some lazy land of Lollypop; the craze to get something for nothing that is at the bottom of it all.

I frequently find admirable texts in the smugly paragraphed copy of newspaper "columnists." Here is one I clipped out, only last night:

"A self-made man has to work more than eight hours a day, on the job. There used to be a time when lots of boys wanted to be second-Napoleons. I have read that this greatest of all soldiers, who rose from a Corsican peasant's hut to the dominion of all Europe, never slept over four hours' sleep when engaged in a campaign. The other twenty hours he spent pacing among his outposts or riding his lines of communication or planning his next move. He was a man of iron, and he was a man of iron."

Later, I have known boys who were all agog over the wonderful achievements of Edison, and who chorused an ambition to rival his wizardry. Yet Edison is reported to sleep half the time on an improvised couch in his laboratory, so that he couldn't waste any of his eighteen waking and working hours going to and from it. And it was, I believe, this same Edison who once pooh-poohed the idea of his having any exceptional genius by remarking that "genius" was two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration.

Lincoln, the great president, spent his boyhood doing the hardest kind of physical work as long as daylight lasted, and then sacrificed hours of his sleep, lying on his stomach before the log-fire and studying by its flickering light.

There is, indeed, no eight-hour limit for any man, but that a few men at least, and that a few reach them by exceptional ability, and that a still smaller number stumble on them by luck. But for ninety-nine per cent of us common mortals the only way to obtain success is to earn it by the hardest kind of hard work and without any regard to hours or any yielding to "that first feeling" about which we hear so much.

The history of humanity is mile-stoned for all its 5,000 years with the wrecks of nations which have risen to domination by the virility and energy of their founders, only to slump into oblivion through the effeminacy of their descendants.

Are we fated for the same disaster? The optimist hopes not; the pessimist is certain we are.

One thing is sure; neither individual nor nation can long withstand the order of the universe, nor defy the laws of being. That order is a command to work; those laws compel men to earn their success before they get it. The admitted fact that some few men in the sale of their souls does not invalidate the general truth that the vast majority

more pay and more chance for amusement.

There is not only cause for discouragement in the modern attitude towards work, there is also motive for shame over its prevalence, and for profound contempt for its flabby adherents. There is something radically wrong with the man or the woman, the boy or the girl, who wants to live without work. They are incomplete, lacking, half-baked. They have the souls of clams in the forms of human beings. They are really monstrous—like one-legged, one-eyed, one-eared halfings, started and intended for full lives, but deliberately de-naturalized one-half their powers; hamstringing half their opportunities; and denying half their possible glories.

What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Or, in more understandable modern language, what's the good of having lobster and champagne income with a toset and a gruel indigestion.

When God made men He gave them brains to direct and hands to execute. Both to be used. Both to be honored in the using. And He knew His business. Neither Samuel Gompers nor John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has yet pointed out any convincing reason why the specifications should be changed. The man who willfully ignores either phase of his being commits mayhem upon himself, to his own enervation and the damage of his kind.

What counts in war is victory, and seldom to be won but through blood and wounds. What counts in life is accomplishment, a triumph seldom achieved, but through sweat and toil.

There are no really Delectable Mountains this side of the Slough of Despond and the Valley of Apathy and the Ills of Difficulty. There may, indeed, be other sloughs which have been filled in, and other valleys which have been planned over, and other hills which have been tunneled, but they lead to a mere land of lollypops in a marsh of mollycoddledom.

It is time for real men and real women not only to put to rest their flimsy choice that down-hill route rather than attempt the road which leads Somewhere Worth While.

THE FARMER.

HARDING TO HOLD "FRONT PORCH" CAMPAIGN

New York, Aug. 5.—The "front porch" campaign is still the plan of Senator Harding. His advisers, conferring at New York headquarters of the republican national committee today declared the party's presidential nominee was making no plans for speaking tours of the country.

"There has been no formal consideration by republican campaign officials of the subject," declared one of the Harding managers.

Since Senator Harding announced at the time of his nomination that he would make his fight a "home campaign," neither Mr. Hayes nor any other official of the national organization has tried to influence his decision, it was said.

"It is understood, however, that this determination does not preclude the possibility, or even the likelihood, of Senator Harding making speeches in some of the large cities. He has been repeatedly urged to do this. But the decision that there will be no 'burnstumping' and no 'wing around the circle' has been changed."

New Haven.—The New Haven county jail now has the small total of 108 male prisoners and 8 female prisoners. Sheriff Thomas L. Kelly is not thinking of going out of business, however, for during the past two weeks business has picked up considerably.

NORWICH MARKET REPORT FOR GROWERS AND DEALERS

Active demand for: Eggs, berries, tomatoes, sweet corn.

Moderate demand: Lettuce, beans, peas, tomatoes.

Slow demand for: Onions, squash, cabbage.

Market Conditions: Potatoes seemed to have stabilized at about 86 per barrel. Beans are being offered to the primary market.

Sweet corn is becoming more abundant, and is wholesaling for 30-45 cents per dozen. Rattles are reported that the consumers consider the price too high, and hence, are buying very little. Cabbages and beans are abundant. Tomato supply is increasing.

Fruits.

Huckleberries, native, 20-25 qt. Blueberries, native, 20 qt. Raspberries, red, native, 20 qt. Raspberries, black, native, 15 qt. Apples, native, 15-20 bu. Watermelons, southern, 50-65 each.

Vegetables.

Beets, native, 75 doz. bunches. Carrots, native, 75 doz. bunches. Radishes, native, 40 doz. bunches. Lettuce, native, 30-35 doz. Squash, native, 75-85 doz. Sweet corn, native, 20-25 doz. Cauliflower, native, 82-84 doz. Cucumbers, native, 30-35 doz. Celery, native, 15-20 doz. Peppers, New York, 15-20 doz. Onions, New York, 15-20 doz. Beans, native, 30-35 doz. Peas, native, 30-35 doz. Cabbage, native, 15-20 doz. Tomatoes, Maryland, 40-45 crates. Potatoes, Long Island, 50-55 bu.

Poultry.

Road fowl, alive, 35-45 lb. Road fowl, dressed, 45-48 lb. Broilers, alive, 35-45 lb.

Corn, new, 65-75 doz. Corn, old, 60-70 doz. Western, 60-70 doz.

Meats.

Live cows, 35-40 lb. Live steers, 35-40 lb. Live hogs, 14-15 lb.

Stock Feeds.

Hay baled, 145 ton. Oats, 37-40 for 96 lb. Corn, 37-40 for 100 lb. Middlings, 37-40 for 100 lb. Gluten, 37-40 for 100 lb. Hominy, 37-40 for 100 lb. Stock feed, 37-40 for 100 lb. Corn meal, 37-40 for 100 lb. Reported by E. L. Newman.

CHESTER G. AMBLER DIES SUDDENLY THURSDAY MORNING

Chester G. Ambler, 65, became suddenly ill early Thursday morning, at his home, 78 Church street, Norwich, dying at 6:30 from acute heart failure, which resulted in heart failure.

Wednesday evening he appeared in his usual health and was making plans for a vacation visit to the home of his son in Washington.

Mr. Ambler was a native of Danbury, the son of Alfred A. and Martha Holmes Ambler, and was of Colonial ancestry. While a resident of his native town he was employed by firms of that city in the hardware and china business, coming to Norwich twenty-one years ago, and entering the employ of Preston Brothers. There he remained for nineteen years.

Two years ago he took charge of the kitchenware department in the store of the Fortson and Mitchell Co. A far-sighted and shrewd buyer as well as an affable, successful and popular salesman, his services were greatly appreciated by his employers.

August 10th, 1875 in Danbury, Mr. Ambler was united in marriage with Miss Mary E. Bell, who survives her husband, with two children, Dr. Joseph Ambler, of the U. S. Department of Chemistry, Washington, D. C., and a daughter, Martha, wife of Deputy Judge Henry Havens Pettis, of 127 Broadway, Norwich. There is one grandchild, George Chester Ambler, son of Dr. and Mrs. Ambler, of Washington.

In Danbury, Mr. Ambler held membership in Masonic and Odd Fellows lodges. He was a deacon of the Danbury Baptist church and on moving to Norwich took a letter of transfer to the Central Baptist church, where he has served faithfully as deacon and has been interested in the various church activities, devoting much attention to the Chinese and Italian mission work of the Sunday school.

In his characteristic quiet, faithful way he applied himself conscientiously to whatever task he undertook and was an honorable citizen and a dependable friend. The announcement of his sudden death Thursday brought forth from all who knew him prompt tributes to his straightforward, honest and exemplary life.

Following funeral services at the Central Baptist church, for which his pastor, Rev. Arthur F. Purkiss is to return from Northfield, where he is passing his vacation, the body is to be taken to Danbury for burial in Westcott cemetery in the family plot.

Mr. Ambler's daughter had accompanied Judge Pettis to the Merritt dinner of Connecticut Republicans at Danbury Wednesday and they were remaining as the guests of relatives when apprised by telephone early Thursday morning of the death of Mr. Ambler. They reached home Thursday noon. A telephone message from Washington about noon from Dr. Joseph Ambler, stated that he was leaving for Norwich and would reach here today (Friday).

BOYS AND GIRLS TO COMPETE FOR PRIZES

Any boy or girl in New London county under 19 years of age unless otherwise stated, may compete without entry fee for the prizes offered in the County Department at the fair next month, said Gilbert S. Raymond, secretary of the New London Agricultural Society, Thursday, and all exhibitors in this department will be admitted to the grounds free. All entries close at 12 noon, on Monday, September 6th, and should be made to the superintendent, County Agent Harold P. Johnson. All exhibits must be grown or made by the exhibitor; no exhibit may be entered for more than one prize and each exhibit must be marked with the name of the exhibitor placed in some inconspicuous place.

Following are the various classes and the prizes offered in the Juvenile Department:

Class 1—Trained Steers—\$10 in prizes.

Class 2—Judging contest—\$10 in prizes.

Class 3—Swine—\$12 in prizes.

Class 4—Calves—\$12 in prizes.

Class 5—Lambs—\$12 in prizes.

Class 6—Poultry and eggs—\$15 in prizes.

Class 7—Garden and Field Crops—\$20 in prizes.

Class 8—Canning—\$10 in prizes.

Class 9—Collection by an individual—\$10 in prizes.

Class 10—Collection by an individual—\$10 in prizes.

Class 11—Collection by an individual—\$10 in prizes.

Class 12—Dresses—\$12 in prizes.

Class 13—Dresses—\$12 in prizes.

Class 14—Dresses—\$12 in prizes.

Class 15—Lunch for one—\$10.

A married woman's rights might be used in correcting her husband's wrongs.

SAVED

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP CORD TIRES

Pennsylvania AUTO TUBE (Extra Heavy Cord Type)

36 x 6 \$108.40 36 x 6 \$17.75

35 x 5 80.35 35 x 5 10.65

34 x 4 1/2 64.65 34 x 4 1/2 8.75

33 x 4 56.00 33 x 4 6.90

(Other sizes at proportionate figures)

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